

## Treaty is something special to celebrate

By Selena T. Boise  
Management Successor

Well, we get closer to the Pi-Ume-Sha celebration, and we think more and more about what the celebration signifies.

I used to wonder when I was younger, and I never really found out until I was older. I used to just attend and be there for the powwow.

Spilyay  
Speaks

Actually young people don't just attend, they socialize and walk the circle at the grounds. That is what usually goes on, and the young people meet up with their friends, or meet new friends from other places. That becomes a way of socializing.

This year the meaning of the celebration and the Treaty itself is being recognized, as this is the 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the signing of the treaty.

Many think, "Why do we celebrate losing all our land?" and being placed on a smaller piece of land in Central Oregon. But I guess we celebrate the Treaty and the right to hunt and fish in our usual and accustomed places, or our Ceded Lands. We may have lost a large amount of land but we kept many things in this treaty. We are a treaty tribe.

Just think, the white man could have taken all the land away from us, but they didn't. We still have certain rights for ourselves as a tribe.

Remember when I wrote about the limited sovereignty discussion held by COCC and Cindy Starke? Well, I learned a few things that I didn't know. Though we are a sovereign tribe, we have limits in place because Congress has the power to put these limits in place by way of court cases. A court case can set a precedent based on the outcome.

I was browsing through our newspapers from other reservations and noticed that the Yakama tribe, and the Umatilla tribe are also celebrating the signing of their treaties, because they are also treaty tribes.

I am anxious to see how the re-enactment of the Treaty is going to turn out. I think it will be an interesting thing to see. And was it like this for the other two treaty tribes?

What if we didn't have a treaty? Would we have to work at it to become federally recognized, like some other tribes had to? Would we actually become federally recognized? Would we have received the help necessary to be recognized?

That is something to think about because we should all be thankful for the Treaty and what it signifies for us as a tribe, the Confederated Tribes.

## Recovery

A letter to adult children of addicts: I am in recovery of alcohol/drug abuse and related violence addictions.

I did not think there was any wrong to drink alcohol, smoke weed, and stuff stress inward while pregnant. I did not think it affected my infant children to be around second-hand clouds of smoke, to wake up to a roomful of empty alcohol containers, to have drug dealers and party people in and out of their home. I did not think about the lights being shut off, nothing in the kitchen to eat or drink, the toys and clothing my children went without because their per capitas were spent on alcohol, drugs and pleasing selfish abusive relations.

I did not think my children would some day turn to anger, hate and resentment because I was a beat-up mother taking my hangovers out on them. Because my grandmother tried to raise me better, I did not think we would become another two generations of dysfunctional families. After the divorce and custody battle over my children, I did not think I deserved any better out of life. I was just another poor Native and did not think there was any use to have hope, faith and patience to keep living.

Today I have discovered it's not right to think negative and that as an elder I am still responsible for the spiritual wellbeing of my children and myself. After a lot of trial and error attempts, I've found a way to healing for the injuries and harm of our lives.

I found a Higher Power in God Creator, power in prayers, and a never-ending source of love for life. Found a good direction to walk on with dignity, with humility that God Creator blessed and privileged me with motherhood for a good purpose.

We all had lost a lot of precious moments that are irreplaceable. Even though we had all become aware of the wrongs about drinking, drugging and acting out under the influence - we didn't have the strength to change.

The spirit of forgiveness is my prayer and love for each and every one of the mothers, fathers, and children struggling with themselves to live better than what was destroyed through alcohol/drug abuse and related violence.

May God Creator bless and take care of all our relations. I am set free. "Humsallee," Veronica Walsey.

## A thank you

Friends, relatives and traditionals, I would just like to thank all my people for their help during our family crisis of losing the mom of the house. Alyssia, Falcon, Marvin and myself and our house guests all genuinely appreciate your participation in the funeral.

I want to extend special thanks to Ellen Thompson for her guidance in our Indian way. That also includes Susie Slockish and Mary Ann Meanus for their input. We also thank Nola for food preparation on such short notice. We thank Grandma Gladys Thompson and Irene Towe in providing material

needs for the give away and the ceremony. Thanks to Ramona Starr in using her gift to help us out.

Thanks to those individuals who provided plates, silverware, shower curtains, sheets, flowers, blankets, glasses, cups, etc. to replace the traditionally removed items from our house.

I never had to make decisions for a funeral as much as this, and all the advice and counsel I received sure kept my nerves in tact.

I thank those who gave me leads on my pursuit of a job, the leads were positive and productive. Thanks also to the Northenders for the 7-drum services in my home. Also, thanks to the Shaker Church for volunteering to light up my home. Sincere appreciation, RT Thompson "Shy-Lumce."

## Casino

Tribal members, I wrote two editorials in the Spilyay suggesting Bear Springs as a site for the Casino. They went ahead and placed it at Kah-Nee-Ta. I foresaw that was not a viable, feasible idea, since I knew why associations/corporations would not hold their conventions and meetings at Kah-Nee-Ta, being former sales manager for Kah-Nee-Ta. "Too far out of the way."

I foresaw that the rock they bought at Cascade Locks was a no-go also, because it was purchased land. If we've got to buy, turn it into trust, and then build a casino it would build "precedence," a legal term that means, "If it is legal for them, it is legal for us."

All other tribes would follow suit and buy land also because precedence would have been established. Already the coastal tribes wanted to buy land next to the Rose Garden and the Portland Meadows and Yakama to Vancouver. That would warp our projected income at Cascade Locks.

We wasted time with the governor trying to get the compact. The spearheaders of the Casino relocation had no insight that the federal government would be another bottleneck, and now they say in a year it is still a go; (fat chance). But the federal government, I truly believe, will not set precedence for casinos to be built on off-rez property, because they know they will open the door for chaos politically with a flood of Indian tribes following suit.

After we have exhausted our efforts on Cascade Locks, we will be looking at more years of waiting for a different site. Why not build it at Bear Springs on the Rez? It is an hour's drive from Gresham. It would keep most of our Central Oregon patrons, a close enough drive for Springer employees to keep their residence and commute. There is already a ranger station there, letting us know there is a water system, electricity, and telephone system.

During winter months Urbanites would rather choose the casino hotel than Timberline during their skiing retreats. Not enough traffic? Try crossing highway 26 during lunch break without some kind of wait. Why wait for an inevitable denial from the governments, when we

can be breaking ground imminently at Bear Springs? We are still talking millions at Bear Springs. Not as much as the Cascade Locks, but how greedy can we get? Encourage your Tribal Council reps toward this idea for your districts, and let visionaries be heard. RT Thompson aka Shy-Lumce.

## Incarceration

To the editor, this short news is to let the people know that Andrew (Tiger) David has been incarcerated in Port Angeles, Washington for the past 10 months.

His crime was negligent homicide. This is a crime involving driving under the influence of alcohol. The wreck he was involved in caused the death of the lady in the other vehicle. He went to jury trial, which lasted four days and the jury found him guilty. He was sentenced to 11 years behind bars.

Tiger wishes to send this news to all of you that know him. He will be sending an address where they send him to do his time. Then he will want some pen pals.

Tiger also wants to announce the birth of his new son that was born April 27, 2005, Johnnie Lee David, welcome him. Thank you and God Bless. Family of Andrew (Tiger) David.

Thank you for writing to the Spilyay. Please keep in mind that letters can be no longer than 350 words in length, one submission per issue. Thank you.

# First year of college brought many challenges

By Ashley Aguilar

The school year 2004-2005 was full of first time experiences. It was my first time away from home, paying my own bills, having a baby, going through surgery, going to school.

Going away to school was exciting, I lived in an apartment off campus. Many people think that you would miss out not living in the campus dorms, because that is where the action is, but living in an apartment isn't all that bad.

The drive to Haskell in Kansas was long. The scenery was a drastic change from Oregon mountains and forest. When I was first looking at Kansas it was an eyesore. The ground was flat, there were no woods, and the roads had cracks and potholes every two feet. The hardest thing to get used to was the weather. It was so muggy, nothing like Central Oregon's dry air. When I took my first step out of the car it felt like I was walking into a sauna.

School started about the third week of August. I thought that everything would go quickly but the lines were long, orientation wasn't really that fun in the hot gym, and classes closed quickly.

On the day that classes were to begin, my boyfriend John walked me to the bus stop across the street and put me on the bus. I didn't know how the bus system worked, so I asked him to help me, as he had previous experience.

When we got there I got on the bus and sat in the front. When the bus didn't turn the way that it was supposed to, I assumed that it was following a certain route. There I was, riding for about 20 minutes. Finally I asked the driver when we were going to get to Haskell. He looked at me and laughed. His route was downtown. John put me on the wrong bus. I was supposed to wait two minutes after and catch the number five.

I ended up walking about 14 blocks to school. By the time I got to campus I was redder than a fire hydrant from walking so far. The temperature was so hot that day. I was 20 minutes late

for my first class. I explained to the teacher what had happened. She laughed at me, said she'd probably have done the same thing, and allowed me to attend class.

My first class was English. The professor seemed to be harsh and straight to the point. Of course there were many who didn't like her style, but she ended up helping me the most.

During those first two weeks, students were dropping out of class like flies. Many of them returned home because they missed too many days and fell behind in credit hours, and were kicked out of the dorms.

It is expensive to live off campus. Before I could even move into my apartment I had to put \$3,000 down plus my \$550 deposit. I don't want to make it sound like living on your own is easy, because it's not. Sure Higher Education is a great help financially, but there are more expenses than rent. My bills included electric, gas, phone, transportation and most important food. I called my mom and sister three to five times a month to ask for money. I was con-

stantly broke and jobs were hard to find because somebody can always do more work for less.

In September I found out I was pregnant. It was good news but I knew that I would suffer financially. Luckily in Lawrence there are many programs to help pregnant women. Of course, I took advantage of them and applied for medical assistance. Any person would apply for that, rather than pay for all the treatments, appointments and the actual live birth.

School was going great. I made it to every class and turned in every assignment. I never missed a day and my professors noticed that because not many students make it to every class.

About the third week of September I felt really sick, but I still made it to class. One particular day, a Thursday, I had to walk to school because we had no money for the bus and John wasn't getting paid until that Friday.

I knew I had to walk so I started at seven o'clock in the morning. It took me two hours

to walk to the clinic in what would usually take 30-40 minutes. I would walk a few steps then get tired and sit down. I was mad at myself because I felt too sick to go to class and I didn't want to miss, because one of my classes would exempt me from the final if I didn't miss any days.

When the nurse called my name I was nearly passed out on the chair in the waiting room. I was exhausted from the walk. I passed out in the exam room and came to a few seconds later. I woke up to a nurse and doctor looking at me. They asked me if I was on drugs and I said, No I'm pregnant. Then they asked me if I was drunk and I said, No, I'm pregnant.

They drew some blood and found that my white blood cell count was at 22. Normally it's supposed to be at 14. They tried to find out what my body was fighting so hard against, and a few minutes later they were rushing me to the emergency room.

(Ashley is working this summer at the Spilyay. Her article will continue in the next edition.)

## Wishing you the very best...

Congratulations to our Karate Kid! Jordan. We are so proud of you! You have taken another step forward. First you earned your orange belt, and now your yellow belt! You have come so far and you have really deserved it by working very hard and focusing.



You really are a shining star! We love you and are very proud of you. Love, mom, dad, and Jeston (the little karate kid in training).

Happy third anniversary to my fiancé David K. Belgard Sr. Still waiting to get married for two years now, but I'll wait for you. I love you very much. Your fiancé Dinah.

John and I would like to thank everyone who supported us while we were at school and in our time of need. We greatly appreciate those who prayed for my daughter Mia Roe Kalama while she was in the hospital those first five to six weeks of her life. Right now she is healthy and strong and we are proud parents. I would especially



like to thank my mom for coming down while I was still in the hospital and my dad who supported me and wished he could be there. Family is very important to us and we're glad to add a few additions to it. Thank you Joe, Melinda, Chester and Shalaya for being there for us when you had other things to do. Ashley R. Aguilar.

Spilyay Tymoo  
(Coyote News, Est. 1976)

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Spilyay Tymoo is published bi-weekly by the Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs. Our offices are located in the white house at 1100 Wasco Street. Any written materials submitted to Spilyay Tymoo should be addressed to:

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